Paris. May 9th Year 4.

Dear Sir

Your letter did not reach London till after I was
come out of town, and followed me here. I really
take it exceedingly ill of you to have forgot my
Crystals, and beg of you to make quick and
ample atonement for it. I do not now remember
what particular ones I requested you to procure
me, but any you bring shall, King like, be
graciously received; as a testimony of your good
intentions. — Well! Things are going on! Ça ira, ça
ira, the song of England, of Europe, as well as
of France. Men of every rank are joining in the
chorus. Stupidity and Guilt have had a long reign,
and it begins, indeed, to be time for Justice and
common-sense to have their turn. The office
which you have been lately named to, will I
hope, afford you means of promoting their cause.
Every English man I converse with, almost every
every English man I see or hear of, appears to be
of the Democratic party. Mr. Bavis, High Sheriff
for Dorsetshire, left this town today, and takes
with him, it seems, a quantity of tricolor ribbon

JAMES L. MACIE. (JAMES SMITHSON).

to deck his men with the French national cockades, and I do not think this example unworthy of imitation by those whose principles lead them to consider with indifference and contempt, the forms of the event party, to whose doubtless the mixture of red, white, and blue, is an object of horror. — I do not tell you news of this country, as the English papers inform you pretty faithfully of the manner in which it goes on. You have understood, I hope, that the church is now here, quite unacknowledged by the state, and is indeed allowed to exist, only till they have leisure to give it the finial death stroke. M.r Louis Bourbon is still at Paris, and the office of king is not yet abolished, but they daily feel the inutility, or rather great inconvenience, of continuing it, and its duration will probably not be long. may other nations, at the time of theirs reforming, be wise enough to cast off, at first, y contemptible incumbrance. I consider a nation with a king, as a man who takes a lion as a guard-dog: if he knocks out his teeth, he renders him useless; while if he leaves the lion his teeth, the lion eats him.

I remain Dear Sir
Yours very Sincerely
James. L. Macie.

I beg of you to make my best compliments
to your Father. ——— a letter directed
as follows will reach me

A Monsieur

Monsieur Macie

Hotel du Parc Royal

rue du Colombier F. S. G.

A Paris.

Sir

Sir

Sir